

Instability.

here in this abysmal world
 this world of suffering
 I catch at mad-ban thoughts, confused
 and place them in a ring.
 I stand surrounded by them
 and I entrap them in turn
 the increase of each one
 and then I let them burn.
 I let them burn & smolder
 in a brain that's hot & dry
 and then I ~~eat~~ eat them from me
 before they elude & dry.
 Before they elude & dry, oh God!
 and then my mind is black
 and ready for more mad-ban thoughts
 that live up rank by rank.

The Only Way.

I Trip the light fantastic for
 a while & then when I go
 and try to forget the path that's dead
 when I wake my eyes in bed.
 For the thought of it all is a terrible dream
 and I'm lost in the faith of a shapely stream.